

TRAVELS AT HOME

IV.
CRAWFORD'S, White Mountains,
July 19, 1860.

There are two routes of travel from Boston to the White Mountains—the eastern, by way of Lake Winnepesaukee and the Saco Valley, and the western, up the Connecticut River to Littleton, and thence up the valley of the Ammonoosuc. The former, which we chose, is again subdivided into two branches—one, via Manchester and Concord to Wier's, on Lake Winnepesaukee, and thence by Center Harbor to Conway, and the other, via Lawrence, Dover, and the Cochecho Railroad to Alton Bay, at the lower extremity of the lake. We preferred the latter of these branches, as affording us the greater quantity of lake travel: those who prefer haste to scenery take the former.

I noticed one change for the better on the Boston and Maine road—that of the introduction of a comfortable smoking-car. I think I should appreciate this if I were not a consumer of the delectable weed; but as I know from experience how the dreary time we spend in railroad-cars is beguiled by that.

"Kind enough to Rachel's son
By Marjorie's daughter, who thus seems
Gilded upon her natal morn
By blue with blue, by her with dross."

I think the Company has done a commendable thing. Anything that contributes to the comfort of the public (and the public will smoke, oh ye Reformers!) deserves to be praised, and I therefore praise it. There is one thing more needed—a Spitting, or rather, Chewing Car. I fancy most ladies, delicate as their nerves may be, would rather sit in a smoky atmosphere than have their dresses dabbled in the liquid filth which the Chewer is at liberty to disgorge everywhere. In Boston you are fined two dollars for smoking in the streets (or would be, if the law were enforced), but you may spit to your heart's content. The genuine smoker does not spit: he offers only the rarest and most fragrant fumes to his god; and why his coarser brother should be tolerated and he proscribed, is what I cannot understand. But I see my friend Greeley shake his head over this paragraph, and therefore drop my digression.

A smart shower on Monday night had laid the dust; the air was like fluid diamond, and the forests sparkled and gleamed as if newly varnished. We flew past Lawrence, noticed the melancholy site of the Pemberton Mills, admired the curleuse blue of the Merrimack at Haverhill, found the further scenery tame, and in course of time reached Dover, where we were transferred to the Cochecho Road. Our company consisted almost entirely of "through fares," bound for the White Mountains. The Cochecho Road passes through a wild, sterile, and altogether uninviting region, but it is only twenty-eight miles long, and in a little over an hour we embarked on the steamer Dover, at the lower extremity of Lake Winnepesaukee. Alton Bay is a long, narrow inlet between wooded hills. The dark-blue waves danced under a strong northern breeze, but our stately little steamer swiftly parted them and brought us into the open water, whence we saw, far to the north, the blue outposts of the White Hills. The shores of the lake are rough and wild, but rendered very picturesque by the multitude of coves, inlets, and islands. Winnepesaukee is an almost exact reproduction of some of the Scandinavian Lakes—the Tindö, in Telemark, or the Mälaren, in Sweden, for instance. Its atmosphere is quite as northern, notwithstanding it lies fifteen degrees further south. On other days it may present warmer tints and softer outlines, but with such a keen, bracing wind, under a July sun, my experiences three Summers ago came vividly to my mind, and I almost fancied myself again in Norway.

We did not see the whole of the lake, owing to a slight misunderstanding of mine, which, after all, turned out for the best. This route again, I have discovered, is subdivided; there being rival stage-lines from Wolfborough and Center Harbor to Conway. Supposing Wolfborough to be at the north-eastern corner of the lake, instead of the south-eastern, as it really is, and learning that the stages thence reached Conway in advance of those from Center Harbor, I left the boat at the former place, and therefore missed seeing, as I had intended, the upper portion of the lake. But, on the other hand, I gained the pleasant stage-route and the best approach to the mountains, so that, on the whole, the balance was rather in our favor.

At Wolfborough, we had time for dinner at the Pavilion Hotel, a new house built upon a knoll which commands a lovely view of the Lower Winnepesaukee. The village, named after Gen. Wolfe, of Quebec memory, is a small but neat and agreeable place. The new stage, with an obliging Mr. Allen as driver, was at the door before we had done admiring it, and we started at half-past one for North Conway, thirty-eight miles distant. I took an outside seat at the start, and thereby made the acquaintance of the editor of the only paper in Carroll Co., who kindly invited me to become his correspondent, in case I had no other engagements. Unfortunately, my old habit of writing for the readers of THE TRIBUNE prevented me from accepting his offer.

The country rises gradually over a succession of broad hills, which sometimes afford fine views, especially over Smith's Pond, which we passed during the first few miles of our journey, but there is no choice cultivation, no pastoral beauty of landscape to attract the eye. Wheat, which, ten days ago, in Pennsylvania, was mostly harvested, is still green here; corn looks stunted and weak, and even potatoes, from which we would expect something, exhibit scarcely an average growth. The value of land, I learned, is from \$15 to \$20 per acre; and I should think it dear at that. The farmers, of course, raise barely enough for home consumption; what little profit they have is from grazing. The hay is thin, but of good quality, as usual in hilly regions. There seemed to be little growth or development in the country, nor, indeed, could much be expected. A town-house, which we passed, was in a dilapidated condition, with most of the windows broken. "That looks," I remarked, "as if the Douglas and Breckinridge men had been trying to unite, and had broken in a row, as they have done in other places." The driver laughed. "There is no more union among them here than anywhere else," he said.

After climbing the hill before reaching Ossipee, we had our last and loveliest view of Lake Winnepesaukee, lying in many a strip of dim silver among the blue hills. A mile further, on the ridge of the Tullonborough Hills, a nobler panorama awaited us. In front—great tracts of forest, broken in upon here and there by roughly-cleared farms—lay the valley of the Saco, while in the north-west rose the White Mountains, showing each separate peak distinctly in the clear air. Chocoma, with

his pyramid of rock, on the right, and peaked Kearsarge on the left, stood in advance, like sentinels at the entrance of the deep, dim valley, whose walls of increasing elevation seemed buttresses, resting against the shoulders of Mount Washington, the central, dome-shaped monarch of the group. Light clouds were hovering in the sky, but above the mountains, and belts of cloud-shadow across the middle distance heightened the sunny warmth of the foreground.

Thenceforward, we overlooked the story of the land and the shabby farms. We had entered a rich land, and even when the forests narrowed, or prospect, we only saw the picturesqueness in the rocks and twisted trees. As we approached the Saco, after passing Six Mile Pond, much of the scenery consisted of remembrances of N. Y. studios. Every foreground was made up of sketches by Shattuck, Coleman, and the younger painters; every background was a complete picture by Kensett. I watched the shifting quadruple peaks of Chocoma with a peculiar personal interest. Gradually they assumed the familiar position: the crest of sheer rock gleamed with a faint red in the sun that lay so warm upon the hills—yes, there is my Chocoma! And really, at this distance, he towers not more grandly in the afternoon light, than on those four feet of canvas, in my room at home, "where it is always after."

I do not think any approach to the White Mountains can be more beautiful than that of the Saco Valley. You are carried so gently and with such sweetly prolonged surprises, into their heart-touched first, as it were, with their outstretched fingers, held while in their arms, and finally taken to their bosom. Their beauty was before their sublimity. On such an evening, with the depth of color increasing as the light fades, bars of alternate gold and violet flung from summits, and through lateral gorges across the valley, and blue glimpses of stream or lake interrupting the rich, uniform green, every turn of the road gives you a new delight, every minute of the fleeting time is more precious than the last.

Now, wherein is this scenery inferior to that of the Scotch Highlands, or the Lower Alps, or the Jura? In no respect to my eyes, but rather finer in its forms and combinations. To be sure, it lacks the magic of old associations; but this—if it be a defect—is one which is soon forgotten. The principal difference is one which applies to almost all American scenery. Virgin nature has a complete charm of its own: so has nature under subjection, cultivated, enriched, finished as a dwelling-place for man; but that transition state, which is neither one thing nor the other, gives an unsatisfactory impression in the midst of our highest enjoyment. Imagine the intervals of the Saco under thorough culture, the grass-fields thick and smooth, the grain heavy, not a stump to be seen, the trees developed in their proper forms, fair pastures on the hill-sides, shepherd's cottages high up on the mountains, thrifty villages, farm-houses and summer villas scattered over the landscape, and what is left for the eye to crave? But take it now, with its frequent unsightly clearings, its fields dotted with ugly stumps, and the many single trees which, growing up spindly in the midst of others, are now left standing alone, robbed of their characteristic forms, and you will readily see that there are discordant elements in the landscape. It is not always the absolute superiority of nature which we recognize; we are influenced by these indirect impressions, and they are not to be reasoned away.

Yet, during the last stage of our ride some perfect pictures were presented to us. Mote Mountain, beyond the Saco, lifted a huge mass of blue shadow into the sky; Kearsarge was tipped with yellow light, and, in front, high over the valley, Mount Washington shone in splendid purple. Occasional gaps through the trees gave us limited views, where every feature was fair and harmonious. One farm, in particular, with its white house, high on a ledge of Mote Mountain, where the sunset still lingered, came again and again to sight, thrown so far off by the brown shadows around us that it seemed a fairy picture in the air.

At dusk we reached North Conway, and found lodgings at the Kearsarge House—a tall, shabby building, crammed with visitors. We were lucky, in fact, in finding quarters at all. Hundreds are turned away during the season. But as the landlord says when people complain of his neglecting to enlarge his bounds: "I have a right to complain that you don't patronize me for eight months of the year." Splendor, so temporary in its uses, will not pay. We found everything clean and convenient, and were well satisfied.

I thought I should be able to bring my reader through The Notch in this letter, but will be obliged to make a notch here and begin again. S. T.

FROM NEWPORT.

Correspondence of THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.
OCEAN HOUSE, Newport, July 29, 1860.

The nose of the bandstand tenor is out of joint. The favorite at the Academy and the pet habitué of this pleasant house is distanced by the Benicia Boy, who arrived this morning from New-York, and for the first time in his life, perhaps, the complete B—has been allowed to stride about unnoticed and alone.

It was not a little amusing, this morning, to the longers on the piazza to see the derivative cut of the tenor's lip as the majestic pugilist, with a few faithful followers, took his promenade in front of the hotel; and to remark the disappearance of the delight of Irving-place, left us for awhile, and being replaced, Oh, tell it not in Union-square, that the divine creature was in the bar-room! drinking with a common fellow! Verily, mules triumph over the expander of Bellini and the fleckless and untouchable of Verdi.

Muscular Christianity is again exemplified. The tenor, who is going to England, *malgré* The Saturday Review, if one may be permitted to interpret the admiring curiosity of nearly all the good church-going people of this hotel this morning, who, ere setting out, stood *en masse* at the door of the hotel, and regarding the redoubtable Benicia in his breakfast, and then departed to their prayers, though methinks some were hardly in time for the Litany.

Heenan deposits himself with great modesty, and continues his life of teetotal temperance, refusing constantly the pressing solicitations of his admirers to "take a drink."

How beautiful indeed is this Newport! Since last here, I have visited again the most famous resorts of Europe, and surely Newport will soon, in all material points, surpass them all. The drives, the villas, the equipages, and the incomparable freshness of the air, commend it above all other spots, and we do not that in twenty-five years it will be the delight and talk of the fashionable world. The vast increase of money in our country, the wonderful advance in public taste for art, beauty, refinement, and luxury, creates a necessity for this American Baden Baden or Bath, barring their vices.

But the glory of the hotels is passing away, and I venture the prediction that are ten years, or even five, are past, there will be but one large hotel, and not sufficient patronage for that. Already the elite has deserted them, and it is not *la chose* to stop at a hotel a few days, if at all. There are less than three hundred people at the Ocean House, a little more than one-third at the Atlantic, and less at the Bellevue and Fillmore. The well-known and fashionable ones dash by in their elegant carriages, with footmen, and horses' tails *à l'Anglaise*, turning a commiserating glance at the *maison* regarding the redoubtable Benicia, and then, in coming to Newport, are doing the thing; but finding out the change I speak of, and having no cottages to go into, take precipitate flight to more democratic resorts.

A player and low-motivated set of pleasure-seekers!

never met together, and each recurring season will not improve matters, for the reason I stated before. Stephen A. Douglas is expected at the Atlantic last about the 10th of August. What a contrast does he present—wandering on his candidate, who, a letter from a friend in Springfield tells me, pursues the even tenor of his way, and is as calm as a summer sea, with the excitement of the campaign, just as if it were not the middle of the season, wintering at 1860! But Mr. Douglas came not, and I don't much if he had that he would have created the sensation that Heenan does. I am sure that he would not have borne his honors with more modesty.

There is nothing of note to chronicle. On Thursday next the old man will be open, and on Monday evening there is a hop advertised for the Atlantic.

As all the grand people go to the cottage, it is not easy to state with any certainty who is here, except Mr. Belmont.

THE RECENT MURDER AT WATERFORD

Correspondence of THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.
SARATOGA, July 30, 1860.

The passengers who, in their pursuit of recreation and pleasure, took the quarter past five o'clock train from Troy for Saratoga, on Saturday last, had an exciting ride. At Waterford the Sheriff of Saratoga County came aboard the train, having in his custody the person of Vanderwerken, the man who had the night before disturbed the quiet of the village of Waterford and filled its inhabitants with excitement by coolly and with devilish premeditation, murdering at his very door Mr. Sherman, one of the most widely known and esteemed inhabitants of the place. A large crowd, less excited, apparently, than shocked and stunned at the inhuman act, was at the depot waiting the coming of the train, and eager to see Vanderwerken in his new character of murderer. It took but a few minutes to transfer the man from the depot to the front seat of the first car, and he was quickly surrounded by his fellow-passengers. Many gentlemen from the other cars, endangering their safety by crossing the platform as the train was moving on, to see the unhappy man. But there was no ungenerously curiosity displayed as far as I could see, and from the lady travelers, there were many expressions of sympathy for the man, and some of them were actually violent in their expressions of sympathy. Vanderwerken was handcuffed, and dressed in a good suit of black broadcloth, with a not ill-behaved hair. His face was pale and sallow, and was rough, with the growth of a two days' gray beard. His cheeks sunken, his mouth firmly set, and his eyes staring and wild in their expression. He showed the effects of strong nervous excitement, appearing in many respects, like a man just up from a heavy drinking spree. He did not speak a word from the time he left Waterford, until he reached Ballston, to jail, to await his trial. At Ballston, he was expected, for a large crowd was collected at the station. The sheriff took him hastily off the car, and walked with him through the crowd to the jail, which is but about 50 rods from the station. There were some faint shouts of "look at him!" and "what a sight!" and two or three men had ropes with which they, not very vociferously, proposed to effect an impromptu execution. But it was evident that the man had little to fear from so respectable a crowd as this. So he suffered nothing more than the usual treatment of a man passing through the hands of the police, and hearing the numerous expressions of abhorrence for his horrid act. The circumstances of the death are such as to leave no doubt of the author of it. Harrison Sherman, the murdered man, was the trackmaster of the Rensselaer and Saratoga Road, and at Waterford he was engaged in the business of a student of Waterford, and a next-door neighbor of Sherman. The cause that induced him to commit the act is one so slight, that it shows him to be a man far gone in malice, and to be possessed of a real murderer's heart.

One of the first acts of Vanderwerken, as he came to the village, was to inspect and spy upon the improvements of the village, to see that the streets were kept in a proper condition, and to attend to other like offices. It seems that the streets and the gutters in front of his own house and that of Vanderwerken were in a filthy condition, and required repair. He reported the same, and Vanderwerken was informed of the fact, and given notice to remedy the defect or be subject to having it done by the town authorities and at his expense. He did not make the required repairs, and so about three weeks ago the town did the work, and the streets were cleaned, and a sum of but \$10 or \$15. Regarding Sherman's cause of this completed expenditure, and jealous of his authority, he cherished for him the most revengeful feelings, and openly threatened to take his life. Sherman heard of these threats, but did not believe them, anything more than the harmless expressions of an excited man. He was a hard drinker, and violent and malicious. Though he was often intoxicated, it is said on the day of the murder he was entirely sober. He borrowed a shotgun from a neighbor, and charged it with powder, and shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot in the chest, and he fell. Sherman then shot a player. He took it home and charged it with shot, and at six o'clock on Friday evening, while it was yet light as day, he went out of his house, which is next to that of the deceased, and saw Sherman coming along the street, and he fired at him. Vanderwerken approached and spoke a few words to him, without receiving any reply. Sherman soon turned and passed toward his house. When he was near his door, Vanderwerken's son called out that his father was going to shoot him; and Sherman turned back, and fired a second time. Vanderwerken was then shot